Edw. Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames* Castle straight,
For *Summerset*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not neare them speake.
Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with wordes.
Exit Oxford.
Som. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.
Exit Somerset.
Ed. Now *Edward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prince. Speake like a subiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire: and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfe same words to thee,
Which traitour thou, wouldst haue me answare to.
Quee. Ouh that thy father had bin so resolu'd.
Glo. That you might still haue kept your petticoate,
And neere haue stolne the breech from *Lancaster*.
Prince. Let *Æsop* table in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.
Quee. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.
Prince. Nay take away this scolding Crookebacke rather.
Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.
Prince. I know my duetie, you are all vndutifull,
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou misshapen *Dicke*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.
Ed. I take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.
Quee. Oh kill me too. (die.
Glo. Marrie and shall.
Ed. Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much alrea-
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the worlde with words.
Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for her recoue-
Glo. (*Clarence*, excuse me to the King my brother, (rie.
I must to London, on a serious matter,
Ere

12 Whilst— 8 from end— Lines—

Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethee tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile roote them out.
Exit Gloster.

Queene, Ah *Ned*, speake to thy Mother boy.
Art thou canst not speake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that stabd *Cæsar* shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe;
And men nere spend their furie on a childe;
Whats worse then tirant, that I may name?
You haue no children Diuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then haue stopt your rage:
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As traitours you haue done this sweet young Prince.
Ed. Away, and beare her hence,
Quee. Nay, nere beare me hence, dispatch me here,
Heere sheath thy sword; Ile pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.
Quee. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didst not thou heare me sweare I would not do it?
Quee. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Wheres the Diuells butcher? hard fauourd *Rechard*,
Richard where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,
Petitioners for bloud, he nere put backe.
Ed. Away I saie, and take her hence per force.
Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
Exit.

Edw. *Clarence*, whither's *Gloster* gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, as I gesse,
To make a bloudie supper in the Tower.
Ed. He is suddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common Souldiers with pay,

And